

Young People's Department.

Life's Footsteps.

SELECTED BY M. JENNIE LEECH.

Two little feet by the meadows sweet,
Starting upon life's way;
Never a thought of the journey's end,
Or of a weary day;
Guarded and safe in a mother's care,
With sunshine and gladness everywhere.

Two steady feet in life's busy street,
Firm with an object true;
Meadow and streamlet now passed by,
A noble end in view;
A maiden's dreams of eternal flowers,
The peaceful shade of the fadeless bowers.

Two weary feet in the noontide heat,
Tired of the journey's length;
Upward and onward striving still,
Ever from "strength to strength,"
A heart is filled with holy joy,
That the shades of life can never destroy.

Two resting feet in the golden street,
That erst in the highway trod,
Now are they cleansed from the travel stains,
And safe in the home of God.
Doubting and sorrow forever past,
A pilgrim rests from her toil at last.

Latent Powers.

Oh, what hidden powers are lying
Deep within thy dormant will.
Why not rouse them, lest they, dying,
Fade away—forever still?

Oh, what harmonies are sleeping!
Oh, the songs that might be sung!
Poesy could set thee weeping,
Yet ne'er breathes through pen or tongue.

Sweet the chords! and let their thrilling
Vibrate through thy inmost soul,
Music all thy future filling,
Tuneful aids to reach the goal.

Paintings fair portrayed in dreaming
Of a lovely land ideal;
Faces angel-like are gleaming
On thy canvass—make them real.

Comes by sorrow the awaking?
Do not dread such sorrow's call;
Or, if joy thy hand is taking,
Follow thee, in sweetest thrall.

Kindnesses if ne'er o'ertaken
Pass beyond the power to do;
Loving words of thine might waken
Noble deeds in others too.

Every talent has been given
By thy God for his employ;
They who serving him have striven,
They alone can know true joy.

AN ALLEGORY.

Comparison of Sin to a Cave.

R. BELLE STERLING.

Slowly but steadily toiling up the mountain of holiness, when to my right I hear a mild voice plead: "Come, oh, come with me and I will teach you many useful employments, that you need not bear such heavy burdens, nor work for daily bread."

I stop to listen, again comes in charming accents: "Pleasures of life will I give you."

I turn. Who are you that dwells so near this narrow way, that can offer such inducements to one heavily laden and weary?

Ha! ha! Do you not know? My name is Sin, and I dwell in a lovely cavern surrounded by revelry and mirth. The road by which my home is reached is a beautiful highway, so smooth and pleasant, the traveler does not become weary."

Indeed, sir; this is very tempting. I will walk a short distance with you. Your outward appearance and clear flowing language pleases me very much.

On we walk. The time being spent so pleasantly that I do not realize the distance traversed, until I hear in the distance quick music.

My companion says: "Now we are nearing my abode. That which you hear is the music of the dance. Shall we enter and assist?"

Certainly for a short period. I have a desire to see inside your residence.

The passage way is dimly lighted, but opens into a room illuminated by a blazing torch. Here are the dancers. We join them and for many hours participate, until my strange friend who is now becoming intimate, whispers to me: "In this dark chamber, I will give you a draught which will quicken your pulses and soothe your aching brow."

Follow I must and there receive from his hand the treacherous glass which sets my brain on fire.

From this we are ushered into another apartment, which is darkened by the degradation of the gaming table. Here we amuse ourselves until I am penniless: but what care I for that? My wife and children may be starving and freezing at home; but I heed it not. I am now seeking for

the depths of this cavern from which without seeking the aid of the loving Savior, no traveler has ever yet returned.

My life is almost spent. Have found the goal for which I sought. And what is it? Do you ask? My soul shrinks from telling you. Far in the depths of that dreadful cavern I behold through the gloom, a yawning grave open to receive me; around it are demons laughing and scoffing. "We are glad to receive you," but flaming from the bottom of this open gulf come the very flames of hell. I shudder, pause and turn to flee, but ah it was too late!

It is now I realize sin is a cavern from which, for many, there is no returning.
Masontown, Pa.

The Atonement.

Dear EVANGELIST; As my husband must now bid me good by for a season, to go to his field of labor in God's vineyard, and that we must thus be separated for a season, I cannot forbear thinking of the sufferings and death of Christ, which is the most powerful argument used in the Bible to persuade sinners to come to God.

The great theme of the Bible is Christ and him crucified. In all the range of profane or sacred history, in all the pages of fiction, there is found no story so tender and full of love as the story of the cross. How full of meaning the words of inspiration: "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." It is impossible for finite minds to estimate the depth of woe these words imply, or the greatness of the love that prompted the act, or the magnitude of the sins of those for whom he died. While we believe that the death of Christ on the cross was the great culminating act of his suffering, yet we have reason to believe that his sufferings were not exclusively confined to the time in which he lived. He suffered in his humanity. He did not step from infancy to manhood, and thus escape all the ills incident to humanity. He stood shoulder to shoulder with mortals, in all the trials, temptations, disappointments and afflictions of life. He was, weary, tempted, hungry and thirsty. He groaned, he wept, he was a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief; he was in all points tempted like as we are; as he suffered, being tempted.

He suffered in his poverty; he was not raised amid the luxuries of life; he was of lowly birth. Joseph and Mary were common people. He doubtless labored as a carpenter in his early life. In after years, when he returned to his own country, he was rejected because of his poverty and humble parentage. It is said of him so great was his poverty that he ate at another man's table; slept in another man's bed; preached in another man's ship; rode on another man's colt; prayed in another man's garden, and was buried in another man's grave. He was so poor that he worked (a miracle) to secure money to pay his taxes. He was the creator and sustainer of all things, yet possessing nothing. The King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and yet servant of all. He suffered in his persecution. He came unto his own, and his own received him not. He came to do them good; they sought to do him harm. He came to show his love, they hated him. He came to give them life, they sought to kill him. "Come unto me," he said; "Away with him" they cried, "Away with him." They called him a wine bibber, a glutton and a sinner, and declared that he cast out devils by Beelzebub. He was despised, rejected of men.

So great was his agony in the garden that it forced drops of blood through the pores of his flesh like sweat. He feared that the flesh would not be able to endure the pressure of sorrow, and he prayed that the cup might be removed, that he might go on to Calvary. He was sorrowful even unto death. No wonder he fainted under the cross on his way to Calvary. In view of his suffering I am willing to be separated from my husband for a season, if in this sacrifice we may save a perishing soul.

But our Savior has reached the climax of his sufferings on the cross. The entering of the nails, the stroke of the hammer, the shock of the nerves, the weight of the body suspended on the spikes, together with the sins of the whole world resting upon him for three hours. He saw the wagging of heads in derision; he heard their sarcastic remarks; he said "I thirst," and they offered him vinegar and gall. His last utterance was a loud cry of agony. His sufferings must have been great. It moved heaven. The Father refused to look upon the scene, and seemed to forsake his dying son. It so affected nature that the sun refused to shine. He suffered willingly. He gave himself. It was not in the power of wicked men with hammer and spikes to take the life from the Son of God. He said, "I lay it down of myself." Yes, my unconverted friend, all that befell him, from the

manger to the grave, was not a series of surprise. He saw the end from the beginning, and made choice of it all, that he might bring us to God.

So in view of the same purpose, I am willing to suffer the sacrifices of a minister's companion, that my husband may proclaim the sufferings of this Savior to a dying world. If Christ thus suffered for us that we might be saved, how fearful must be the magnitude of our sins. And shall we grade them great or small, when weighed by the cross. Sinner, if such was the stroke of divine justice that fell on the head of a guiltless Christ in our stead, with what soul crushing power will the rod of divine wrath fall on the Christ rejecting sinners. Oh sinner, how groundless is every excuse you make daily for not accepting his salvation through him. Oh sinner your apology is nothing less than a half hated religion. But my friend anything short of a radical salvation is subject to the anathema of God. Oh sinner, may God impress upon your youthful minds that the sacrifice and suffering was for you and that you may at once retrace your steps, give God your heart, shall ever be the prayer of your faithful sister in Christ.

MRS. E. V. STEVENS.

Monroeville, Ind.

DUTY.

What is duty? The word duty applies to every individual, person, place or thing; even to the pendulum of a clock. You wind up the weights or the spring, and set the hands to the proper figure, and go away. You come back in an hour, and find it just as you left it. You set it again and when you come back it is just as when you left it. We say, what is the matter? Why the pendulum is not tending to its duty.

Now if the pendulum tends to its duty, the clock will keep ticking, and keep the time of day. So it is with every person. We want to tend to our duty, and keep our hearts ticking, if we want to keep the time of righteousness with the Lord.

We had a very interesting prayer meeting Wednesday evening, March 29th, led by brother J. F. Penrod. We also had a good meeting last Wednesday evening, of which I was appointed leader. I did not only think it a privilege of mine to serve, but I considered it my duty to do that much for our Master, who died on the cross to redeem us. It is not only a privilege of every person, especially a Christian believer to tend these meetings, but it is every one's great duty. How may the pendulum of our hearts keep ticking by so doing; keep the time of the righteousness of God within our hearts, bodies and minds. And then even we are not fulfilling the word duty, as it is requested by our Lord Jesus Christ our divine Master.

Now dear brothers and sisters; wake up in the work that is pertaining to your duty, and try to bring some precious souls to Christ. It has been but a short time since I started in this work of serving my divine Master, not because it was a privilege of mine, but because it was my just duty, which I owed to Christ our Savior. Would to God there may be others that will accept of this privilege, and do their duty and come to Christ, is my prayer.

J. C. PENROD.

Beatrice, Neb.

Comfort the Feeble.

Because they have not physical power to wrestle with God like a giant, many poor souls feel that they cannot succeed in securing a blessing from God. They have the impression that unless there be agony in prayer, such as strains every nerve, it is not availing. Like Jacob, there must be a hip out of joint, or no victory is obtained. But there is many a weak body which does not permit the taking of the kingdom of heaven by the violence of a praying, agonizing faith. Mr. Fletcher, very wisely says, "There are two kinds of wrestling: the one in which the Spirit of God in us is very active, and we are almost passive. You may thus passively wrestle, if the power of the Highest helps your infirmities. So some dying persons wrestle sometimes. There is another wrestling, in which we are very active, and the Spirit of God helps us imperceptibly. Follow, seek, wait, quietly, meekly, humbly wait for the former power." He writes to a poor, weak soul, "The latter kind of wrestling may not be suited to you. Believe and pray with the will and the understanding more than with the passions: with your sublimer rather than with your inferior powers." If the physically weak follow this wise counsel, God will lift them up, and a heaven of sweetness will fill the quiet soul.—*The Christian Witness*.

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